VOLUME XIX.-NUMBER 17.1

Choice Loctry. A SKIPPER'S STORY OF THREE SAINTS.

BY W. A. CROFUT.

They set on the steps of the station, And waited for trains to connect— A colporteur eating his ration. And a skipper who twice had been wrecked; And the strangers began conversation.

The dipper was wrinkled and none, His skin was the color of leather; The divide holded hungry and serry; An after discussing the weather, The kipper struck into his story;

"Pil tell ye of three saints I've know'd of. That giv' up their lives for their brothe A sort you may not her allowed of; But folks that II die to save others Is bein's fer God to be proud of.

Was wrecked on a ledge to the lee;
Jim stood like a rock at his post,
And went down in a galp of the sea "He showed how to build us a raft, And crowded her full as she'd float; He sprung to the davits abeft, And loaded and lowered each boat; Then stuck to the battered old craft.

"The ship Swaller, Cap'n James Bee, In a fog off the Hatteras coast,

"He saved every life but his own— Women, children, the men and the crew; Cheered when the last day; was gone— No room for him in her, he knew; And he went to the bottom alone!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim,
"Had Bee made his peace with the Lord!"
And he laid down his cracker. "What, Jim!"
Said the skipper: "I shouldn't s'pose God
'D be mad at a feller like him!

He stood at the mouth of the well. The mine was aftre, and the hole Blazed up like the furnace of hell!

"The men was imprisened below;
The women was screamin' above;
The boss shouted, "Who'll face the foc,
And fly to the resence for love!"
And Andy remarked, "I will go;

"I kin die in the shaft, fer I hatn't Nary father ner mother ner wife! And down in the bucket he went; Saved fifty by loain' his life-I say Andy Bell was a saint!"

"Did he pray God," the colporteur of "To help him to fight with the fin "Now I think on t," the skipper repl "I beerd Ardy mention His name-More frekent than some would advise

"Did be love Jesus! Bow at His shrine?" Asks the colportour, "then it is well." The skipper says: "That was no sign But of Jesus didn't love Andy Bell, I don't want no Jesus in mine!

"The third one, Newt. Evans, my friend, Took his engine to Prairie du Chien; Saw a speck on the track at the Bend, And cried to the stoker, 'Eugene' Ef that ain't a lirat, I'll be denned." "A baby—an' makin' mud pies!

Mind the train.' To the shrick of the bell,

He van forward; sprang out for the prize. Saved the girl? Yes; but, parson, he fell-Both his legs was cut off at the thighs."

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb, Asked the preacher, "and cleansed from I The skipper arose—"Am-ster-dam!— Let me jest git my bearin's agin. An' sorter make out where I am."

He walked to the office—was mute:
When the agent asked what he desired.
He tapped on his pate is salets
Then turned out his thumb, and inquired,
"Who—is—this 'cre crasy—galute!"

Select Storp.

SAM. CROOKSHANK -OR.-THE MEDICATED AXE.

Sam. Crookshank was his mother's pride and his father's grief. Having no taste either for study or work, he commenced the character of a gentleman. How well this character set upon him the house well this character set upon him, the honest people of the neighborhood in which he resided can best tell; and they aver, in the homely language of the place, that it fitted him like a shirt on a hoc-handle.

But the condition of a gentleman, however desirous it may be in several respects, is not entirely from from miseries and vexations. It is

tirely free from miseries and vexations. It is expressive, without being profitable, and is apt to produce envy, without gaining respect. At least, such is the case in the country, where the people mostly get their living by the sweat of their brow, or by some active business or pro-fession. But among other troubles which it generally brings, is that very pleasant disease called dysnessis. tirely free from miseries and vexations.

alled dyspepsia.
Sam. Crookshank proved that he had at least one title to the character he assumed—he was wofully troubled with the dyspepsia. He grew pale and wan; his cheek bones, which had ever been a most prominent part of his face, seemed to project farther than ever; his under lip, which was naturally one of the rather pendant per the performance of the rather pendant performance in the performance of the rather pendant performance in the performance of the pendants are pendants and pendants are pendants are pendants are pendants are pendants. to project farther than ever; his under lip, which was naturally one of the rather pendant sort, now hung most lackadaisically down; and his calliper legs, which were never the least noticeable part of his person, began to bow out, if possible, farther than ever.
"Sam.," said the wondering neighbors, "what the torment alls you! You look for all the world as we began and should as a proper and should be a prope

world as we-begone and ghastly as a December ost. I—I've got the dyspepsery!" replied Sam.

"The dyspepsery!" said farmer Whippletree, with a look of contempt; "what might that be?" "What mought it be!" returned Sam; "why, if you don't know what the dyspepsery is, you're

o gentleman."
"I hope not, in all conscience," replied the tracer: "but I should like to know what kind of a thing this is you call the dyspepsery."

"Why, it is a kind of a—sort of a complaint."

"Umph! so it appears."
"It's a kind of a sort of a asit were, a queer feeling, which I never felt in all my life until I became a gentleman."
"It's a right down gentleman's complaint, then? But what is it like?"

"Like! why, it's like to make a notomy, if I don't get better pretty soon."
"You'd make a moustrous pretty notomy, wouldn't you. But how does your gentility complaint fee!"

Why, it makes me feel all over solemnly and

"Why, it makes me feel all over solemnly and down in the mouth like, as if I'd lost all my friends. In short, Mr. Whippletree, it's a kind of a-sort of an affection of the stomach and indigestible neggins, as it were."

"The complaint is in your neggin, I've no doubt," said the farmer, pointing to his head, "or at least it begun there—but I can care your stomach for you, if that's all you want."

"Gad!" exclaimed Sam. "can you though?

"or at least it begun there—but I can care your stomach for you, if that's all you want."

"Gad!" exclaimed Sam., "can you, though? "Pon my soul, Fd give any body the promise of a thousand dollars in a minute that would free me from this dreadful dyspepsery. Its the only drawback, as it were, to my gentility."

"I'll care you of both your dyspepsery and gentility, too, if you'll follow my advice."

"Condu't think of it, no how at all," returned Sam., pulling up his false collar about his ears; "I like the life of a gentleman, all out, if I could only get rid of the plaguey dyspepsery."

"Go to work, you lazy varment."

"To work! 'Oh, no, Mr. Whippletree, I could not think of that—could'nt, 'pon my soul. Any thing clse that you shall prescribe in reason, I'll take. But as for work, I've put my veto on that, long ago."

"Then, I give you up for one of the devil's incurables," returned the farmer, and left him.

Sam. resorted to a variety of means to cure his complaint. He ate largely of cayanne pepper, mustard, horse-radish, and other sharp and powerful condiments—pashing them to such an extent that his mouth burnt like fire, and his eyes watered again. At the same time, he fed enormously on beef, cabbage and turnips, and corrective to the sad condition of his stomach. But all would not do. The strong condiments and the whiskey, although they helped him to the destruction of no small quantity of beef, cabbage, and presents a picture of wonderful beauty. "Then, I give you up for one of the devil's in-

hage, and other matters, did not in the least aid his stomach inconverting these things into good chyle, for the support and neurishment of his gentlemanly person. On the contrary, they rather tended, in the end, to render his com-plant worse and worse.

He next had recourse to all the root doctors and doctresses, within fifty miles. He took, likewise, all the patent medicines he could hear of—the panaceas, the catholicons, and infallible specifies. He even took a newspaper, for the soic purpose of reading the advertisements of new and important medicines, and certificates of wonderful cares done and performed through the agency thereof. But, after all, poor Sam—or "Gentleman Sam," as the neighbors called him—had the dyspepsia as bad as ever.

But though he most heartily hated all study, and from his soil eschewed reading in general, be accidentally derived one advantage from taking a newspaper. In looking as usual, for intallible cures, his eyes chanced to meet with the following receipt from a paper down East:

"Take 1 oz. of camphor, 1 oz. myrrh—pulverize and mix together. Then bore a hole in the upper end of an axe helve, sufficient to contain the mixture, which put in and stop close. When this has stood twenty-four hours in a warm them in will be difference." He next had recourse to all the root doctors

this has stood twenty-four hours in a warm

this has stood twenty-nour nours in a warm place, it will be fit for use."

Such was the manner of the eastern receipt.

But the substance of using it Sam did not much admire. It was no other than this—to get up every morning before the sun, and use the axe-beginning moderately at first, and increasing the beginning moderately at first, and increasing the exercise by degrees, until the heat produced by his hands should dissolve the mixture within the helve, which, oozing through the wood, should enter the pores of the skin, and so diffuse itself through his whole frame, adding new life and vigor to his enervated constitution.

"A murrain take the work!" said Sam; "if it

wasn't for that, I shouldn't mind taking the medicine at all." medicine at all."

He debated with himself some days what to resolve upon. Though he disliked the mode of taking it, he had full faith in the medicine, as he had in all sorts of newspaper receipts. His father advised him, by all means, to take it; and so likewise did farmer Whippletree and the rest of his acquaintance. The neighbors wished, above all things to see gentleman Sam brought. above all things, to see gentleman Sam. brought

to labor again.
"If I could only get the ingrediencies into the pores of my hand without chopping for it," said Sam, "I shouldn't care. But, however, work, or no work, I must take it, for I am persuaded it's the only thing that'll cure me."

He accordingly prepared him an axe strictly

He accordingly prepared him an axe strictly in the manner prescribed, not omitting to set it in a warm place twenty-four hours before using. His father took care that the instrument should be well ground, and that there should be no lack of materials to work upon; assigned him an acre of the primitive forest, thickly covered with oaks, beeches, and maples, to be cut down and

wrought into fire-wood.
"Condemn it!" said Sam., as he reached the thick and lofty wood, "this is a pretty business for a gentleman. By the jumping Joseph, it is a good week's work to cut down one of these trees, to say nothing of chopping and splitting it. And then, what the duce has the ingrediential of the aventual of the second of the s cies in the axe helve to do with the chopping. I should like to know? But, howsomever, as I said afore, that's nyther here nor there; it's so

said afore, that's nyther here nor there; it's so set down in the newsprint, and there's no disputing what that says."

Sam. now pulled off his gentleman's coat, and fell to. He worked according to the receipt, with a due degree of moderation at first; nevertheless, he soon got out of breath, as he was obliged to slack away in order to recover his wind. He took special care, brace'er, not to let go of his axe for a minute, lest the handle should cool, and he should lose thereby the benefit of what he had already done. Besides getting out of breath, his hands began to get sore, and numerous blisters were seen elevating the skin like puff-paste. like puff-paste.

nsarn it all!" said Sam, as he sat down on three bushels of the bitterest roots and er take three busies of the bitterest roots and yarbs that ever grew. This work will kill me, as sure as I live. I may as well die with the dyspepsery as to be cut off in the prime of my days by chopping these infernal big trees. I'll give it up for a bad job. I never can endure these bloody blisters; besides, I'm so tired I can't stand on my feet, let alone pegging into the trees like a rotten red-headel woodpecker. Good by to the phynning I say."

Good-bye to the chopping! I say."

As Sam said this, he shouldered his axe, and was about quitting the wood, when a deep voice came, as it were, from a hollow tree close beside m, saying-"S-a-m! S-a-m! stir not an inch; if you do, "S-a-m! Work two

the devil will have you, for certain. Work two hours more to-day, and to-morrow be here bright and early."

With that he turned back, and fell to with that he thrined back, and left to chopping again. He continued until his hands were nearly worn out, and his strength was so nearly exhabsted that he could stand it no longer, when he again shouldered his axe, and without being further molested from the voice in the tree, dragged himself home. He slept soundly that night, not being troubled in the least with dyspeptic dreams. His hands the next day were tarrible core and he was lame in every iont: terribly sore, and he was lame in every joint; but his appetite was good, and he was able to eat his meat without pepper or mustard. He would fain, however, have declined going

to the wood, but the deep voice was still ringing in his ears, and the devil seemed ready, in his heated imagination, to catch him. He once more, therefore, took his medicated axe, and repaired to the forest. He continued longer than the day before, but so sore were his hands, that every stroke that he struck gave him severe pain: and he was once or twice on the point of giving the matter up, when the same deep voice from the hollow tree warned him of the danger

of such a course. In short, Sam. Crookshank repaired to the In short, Sam. Crookshank repaired to the wood daily—working longer and longer each day than the day before, sleeping soundly at night, and eating his meals with a constantly increasing appetite. His hands by degrees became hardened to the work, and his whole frame so strengthened that he could labor from morning till night, without feeling half so much fatigue endured the first day from a single hour's

"But what a plague is the reason," said he applying his nose to the axe helve, "I can't smell the camphire and the murreir oozing through, as the paper said? I'm sure I've het the axe helve nearly hot every day for a month, and yetcan't perceive the ingrediencies come through at all. The 'pothecary must a cheated me in

Fall of this idea, he went to scold the apothecary for putting him off with bad medicines; when the latter threw the pestle at his head, and called him a fool for his pains.

But though Sam. couldn't perceive, by any ontward signs, that the medicine had come through the axe belve, yet, inasmuch as he dai-

ly grew better by using the instrument, he finally concluded that the virtue of the remedy had insensibly cutered the pores of his hand, and without his knowing it, diffused itself over his whole system.

He did not, however, relax his energies, nor lay aside the medicated axe, until his acre of wood-land was completely chopped, and his dys-pepsia most thoroughly cured. He was also cured of his gentlemanly pretensions, and is now one of the most industrious young men in the

ighborhood. There is one thing, however, which seems to him a little mysterious, and that is the voice from the hollow tree. But some of his neigh-bors are thought to be wiser on the subject than he; and it is shrewdly suspected that Jack Whippletree, a waggish son of the father above mentioned, knows more about the voice than the one who heard it.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1875.

THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SUNG. There are to me no hymns more sweet

Miscellany.

Than those my mother sung. When joyously around her feet Her little children clung.

The baby in its cradle slept— My mother sang the while— What wonder if there softly crept Across her lip a smile!

And I, a sick and languid boy, Oppressed with many pains, Oft felt a quiet sense of joy Come with her soothing strain

The stealing tear mine eye bedims—
My heart is running o'er—
The music of a mother's hymns
Shall cheer me here no more.

OVEZ: OVEZ: All who have had the privilege of being drawn on a jury, must be familiar with this quaint Norman-French expression, used by the Sheriff or his representative, when opening court. But few have ever been lucky enough to listen to such an exordium as came upon the astonished ears of the Mansfields and O'Conors of Muskingam, from the lips of the compatriot of Bismarck, as thuswise:

HE OPENED COURT. Wm. Ruth is Sheriff of Muskingum County, Ohio. He is also of the Toutonic persuasion. When he was elected, three years ago, he was in blissful ignorance of his daties, and was greatly troubled about the proper way of opening court. He confided his troubles to Congressman Southard and several other young members of the bar, and they coached him in his duties, giving him to understand that he was a higher official than the court itself, and that Judge Frazier, of the Common Pleas, was in the habit of interfering with the Sheriff in a manner that no well regulated Sheriff onght to tolerate. "Py shimminy, is dot so!" said the functionary. "Vell, yust vait dill I opens the gort, and he find dot Pill Root ish not Pensa Loyd, by a shug full." When court came on, Sheriff Ruth verified his predictions. For weeks he had been practicing on his opening speech, and when Judge Frazier turned to him with a look of judicial dignity, and said, "Mr. Sheriff, open the court," Mr. Ruth struck an attitude and began: "O yesh, here ye efrypoddy and de peebles in sheneral, dot the honoraple Gort af Gommon Sessions, in und for the honoraple poddy of Mooskingum Gonnty, ish now in pleas, and dot its doors are open for to hear the gomplaints of all the yeomanry and gommon peebles, and take goguizance of all mish-Wm. Ruth is Sheriff of Muskingum County, hear the complaints of all the yeomany und gommon peebles, und take gognizance of all mish-demeanors, und—" "Hold on there! Hold on

there, Mr. Sheriff. What is the meaning of all this rigmarole ?" exclaimed Jødge Frazier. "Shust-hold a leedle on, Mr. Shudge," returned the Sher-iff. "I'm Pill Ruth, the Sheriff of this Gounty, iff. "I'm Pill Ruth, the Sheriff of this Gounty, and I know my pishness, and all you who haf any pishness mit dis gort and any gauses to present for its honoraple gousideration, will now abbroach and dot same make known, and may Gott Almighty haf merey on your souls, and all of you mit your hats off right avay guick!" By the time the Sheriff concluded, even Judge Frazier was roaring with laughter. It took the constables about half an hour to restore order. The first case was called, and the Judge said: "Mr. first case was called, and the Judge said : Sheriff, call Peter Jones, John Smith, and Sarah White, three times at the door." Advancing to the door, and opening it about three inches, pitching door, and opening it about three inches, pitching his voice to the highest key, he began: "Peter Shones, Shon Shitt, Sarah Vite, Shon Shones, Peter Smitt, Sarah Vite, Sarah Shones, Peter Smitt, Peter Shones, gome right into gort mit you three dimes. Your Honor, they goones." Judge Frazier.—"That will never do. Call them three times, one at a time." Sheriff Ruth.—"Peter Shones, Shon Smitt, Sarah Vite, dree dimes, one at a dime, wone into cort mitout any delay." one at a dime, gome into gort mitout any delay.

Judge Frazier.—"That's worse than it was be
fore. Call one of them three times." Sherit Ruth.—"Mr. Shudge, ynst look-a-here. Dot is ven you make foolish mit me. You say to gall dem dree dimes vonce, und den you say gall dem vonce dree dimes; und den you say dot ish vorsh und vorsh. Of you vant Peter Shones, und Shon Smitt, und Sarah Vite, vonce dree dimes, or dree dimes once, you petter gall dem yourself. I not stand dot gind of foolishness." Sheriff Rath re-tired to Fred. Ditmer's, and refreshed himself

with sundry glasses of lager, while the constable

The San Francisco Alta of Sept. 27 says: "Although our Honolula files make no meution of the fact, we learn from a private source that King Kalakana was quite ill for about a week previous to the departure of the steamer for San Francisco. It is said the nature of his sickness, and all particular connected the arithmetic for the steamer for San Francisco. and all particulars connected therewith, was a matter of much uncertainty, from the fact that there was a desire to keep his illness from the general public, but for what reasons were not stated. It is also rumored in Honolulu that the traditional red fish of Hawaiian history, the appearance of which is said to pressage an evil event pearance of which is said to presage an evil event or the death of a chief of high rank, were reportor the death of a chief of high rank, were reported to have been seen by the natives, which, added to the King's protracted illness, has troubled him somewhat. Kalakana, notwithstanding his enlightened education, is said to be quite as superstitions regarding these traditions as the most ignorant of his subjects. Previous to the death of his predecessor, King Lunalilo, and during the early part of his illness, a similar event, as was published in the Alla at the time, also occurred, and the natives of the islands look upon it as a sure and ominous sign. It is to be hoped, however, that these rumors of Kalakana's illness may ever, that these rumors of Kalakaun's illness may

prove unfounded."

The San Francisco Chronicle, however, has a The San Francisco Chronicle, however, has a letter dated Sept. 15, which contains this paragraph: "Honolulu has been unusually gay during the past few weeks, and there have been large parties, balls, &c., every night, notwithstanding the heat and musquitoes. Last evening there was a large ball at the Hawaiian Hotel for the benefit of the French sufferers. His Majesty the King was present, and danced a quadrille during the evening, in which his sister and the Chamberiain's daughter participated. There were several half-bloods in the assembly, and most of them were very pretty. The white lamost of them were very pretty. The white la-dies are said to be very jealous of these Kanaka beauties, because their society is generally sought by all gentlemen."

A remarkable instance of death-bed repentance has just occurred in Butler County, Ky. A man who was very ill, confident that his last hour was fast approaching, sent for a magistrate, and made a confession that in the year 1870 he had mardered a man named Chas. Mitchell, on Green His story was that, during the war, he and Mitchell had robbed a man named Davenport, in Warren County, and that in the division of the spoils, Mitchell had taken more than his share. In revenge, the self-confessed murderer watched his victim for years, for the purpose of killing him, and at last, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, he shot him through the heart. Mitchell, when shot, was standing on a barge, and his body fell into the river. It was never found, and though suspicious of foul play were entertained, there was no proof even of his death. The man who fired the fatal shot, hav-jug eased his conscience by confession, immedi-ing the standard of the stand death. The man who fired the fatal shot, hav-ing eased his conscience by confession, immedi-anely began to get better, and now promises to regain his health entirely. In the meantime, the officers of the law are preparing to arrest and prosecute him whenever he has recovered suffi-ciently to be safely removed from his bed.

John Hanes, a sallow youth of Attica, Indiana became enamored of the "tiger." First he "saw" it; then he "chipped in" and "straddled" it; then he "went \$500 better." Then another fellow "saw" it, and John "raised" him \$100 or such a matter, and at last "called" the critter. The last state of John was worse than the first—about \$1,500 worth. He then saw the mayor and an attorney, to know if such things were regular on the Wabash.

THE Butte (Cal.) Mercury tells of a band of sheep being brought down from the mountain, and turned into a wheat field. Over 100 head died in one night from eating wheat and drinking water. The wheat swelled to such an extent, that

ASTRONOMICAL PREDICTIONS.

To the amateur astronomer a brief enumeration of the principal phenomena to occur in the near future will not be without interest. The following list includes the total eclipses of the sun and moon, the transits of Mercury and Venus, occultations of fixed stars by the moon, the return of periodic comets, the probable dates of meteoric showers, and the spochs of maxima and minima of solar spots, from the present time to the close of the nineteenth century.

1875. On the morning of November 23, Spica Firginia, a well known star of the first magnitude, will be occulted by the moon. The immersion behind the moon's bright limb will occur about twenty minutes before 2 o'clock, or a few minutes after the moon shall have risen. The occultation will continue for about one hour and twelve minutes.

occultation will continue for about one hour and twelve minutes.

1876. Three occultation is the Pleiales will take place in the last three fronths of the year, viz: On october 6, November 30, and December 28. The phenomena may be well observed with a small telescope.

1877. D'Arrest's comet will return to perihelion in January of this year. A total eclipse of the moon, invisible in this country, will take place on the 27th of February. Another will occur on the 23d of August, partly visible in the

ur on the 23d of August, partly visible in the Eastern States.

Eastern States.

1878. This will be the next year of sun-spot minima. On May 6, Mercury will pass over the sun's disc, the transit occupying seven hours forty-seven minutes. This, with a single exception, is the longest duration of a transit on record. On the 28th of July there will be an eclipse of the sun testal in Colorado and also in the island of sun, total in Colorado, and also in the island of Cuba. No other opportunity of witnessing a to-

Cuba. No other opportunity of witnessing a total solar celipse in our country will occur till after the close of the present century. Eucke's comet and the second comet of 1867, will both return to perihelion in August.

1879. Brorson's comet, of short period, will pass its perihelion about the last of June.

1880. Winnecke's comet (period 5y. 7m.) will return about midsummer. The moon will be totally eclipsed on December 16; invisible in the United States.

1881. A transit of Mercury on November 7. Faye's comet may be looked for in January, and Eucke's in November.

1882. The sun will be totally celipsed May 17; the phenomena being visible in Egypt and Per-

the phenomena being visible in Egypt and Per-sia. The great astronomical event of the year will be the transit of Venus, on the 6th of De-cember, and which will be visible in the United States

States.

1883. A maximum of sun-spots is to be expected this year. The comet of 1812, whose period was estimated at 70 years and 8 months, may be expected some time during the year. The comet of D'Arrest may be locked for in June or July.

1884. The second comet of 1867 will pass its

perihelion in April. A considerable display of the meteors of April 20 may be expected with some probability. The period of this cluster is supposed to be about 27 years. A total celipse of the moon will occur on the 4th of October. 1855. The conset of Brorson will be nearest the son in January; those of Encke and Tuttle in 1886. Winnecke's comet will return in Februry. The sun will be totally eclipsed August 29. Visible in Grenada and on the Atlantic Ocean. That part of the stream of November meteors which produced the showers of 1787 and 1820

may be expected to return between 1885 and 1885.

1887. Total eclipse of the sun August 19, visible in Asia and Eastern Europe. The comet of 1815, according to Bessel's calculations, will be in perthelion in Vebrary.

1888. The moon will be tetally eclipsed January 28. Encke's and Faye's comets will return about midgening. 1889. D'Arrest's comet will return in Novem

A minimum of snu-spots is expected. 1890. Brorson's comet will be nearest the sun

tember, and of Eucke's in October. A transit of Mercury May 9.
1892. A display of meteors, derived from Bie

la's comet, may be expected about November 24.
1794. A sun-spot maximum. A transit of Mer-cury November 19.
1895. Encke's comet will become visible in January : the second of 1867 in August : Faye's

January; the second of 1867 in August; Faye's in December. The moon will be totally eclipsed on the night of March 25.

1896. Perihelion passage of Brorson's comet in February, and D'Arrest's in March. A total eclipse of the sun will occur on the morning of August 19; visible in Lapland and high northern latitudes.

ititudes.
1897. Winnecke's comet will be due in April 1897. Winnecke's comet will be due in April. 1898. Encke's comet will return in May, and Tuttle's in October. The moon will be totally eclipsed on the night of December 27.

1899. The maximum display of Leonids or November meteors may be expected this year, on the morning of the 15th of the month. Considerable showers, however, will probably be witnessed each year from 1897 to 1991. Tempel's comet, which is connected with these meteors, and which preceded them in 1866, will probably pass its perihelion in March.

1900. A total collipse of the sun will be visible in Virginia, May 28. The first comet of 1867, whose period is 33 years and 7 months, will return in the summer of 1900. The solar-spot min-

The foregoing list makes no claim to complete The foregoing list makes no claim to completeness. None but total eclipses have been pointed out, and even some of these may perhaps have been overlooked. The most important celestial phenomena, however, and especially such as may be observed in our own country, have been briefly designated.—Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Ind., in New York Tribune.

Scaring People to Death.—A Brooklyn woman, 50 years old, and her son, aged 26, spend their time in devising means of scaring their neighbors to death, and they carry on their silly tricks unmoiested. The Eagle says: "Of a night when the children are playing in the street, a horrible spectacle will suddenly appear from under the stoop. It will have horns, a very red nose, and huge goggles. In the day time, when people are engaged in the helphoring yards, a head, such as one sees in a pantomime, will be discovered gazing at them over the wall. A figure ciad in white, will slowly rise, a rusty old sword will be flourished around, and then the spectre will subside. All day long strange faces flit about the house and yard, and faces of indescribable ugliness and horror gaze at the passers by from the windows. The favorite amusement of this eccentric mother and son consists in frightening people in the dark. The way they do it most successfully is this: The son, with a well got up spook on a pole, goes into the cellar and partly removes the grating under the basement windows. The mother awaits up stairs, and gives the signal of an approaching victim. As the passenger draws near the house, a whiterobed ghost slowly rises from the cellar, turns its horrible countenance toward the startled gazer, and then slowly disappears." SCARING PEOPLE TO DEATH .- A Brooklyn wo

ATTEMPT TO DEBAUCH THE PUBLIC MORALS. Mr. Arsene Houssaye's endeavor through the me dium of the New York Tribune to Parisianize dium of the New York Tribune to Parisianize America will not be crowned with success. Insidious levity and success sheeticism considering womanly virtue are not numbered among our accomplishments, and the ingenuous individual who suggested a possible recognition between those who do honor to the name of wife and mother and the demi-moude, might possibly encounter rudeness. If a society exists, wherein the choice episodes with which his mind seems stored, are entertained—a proposition we also beg leave to doubt—it is certainly not here. America is not the dumping ground for literary sewerage, and despite the Beecher trial, and perhaps one or two other enormities, we do not giory in human degradation.—New Orleans Times.

In case the country's father's little batchet is case the country's inther's little hatchet cannot be found, no efforts should be spared to secure for the centennial one of the double ellip-tic brass pens with which the country's poet writes obituaries.

Dr. Wolfe, a medium, says that Napoleon III. was formerly Julius Casar, and in about thirty years will reappear again under a new name as the Savior of France.

SEEING-UNSEEN.

When I was dead, my spirit turued To seek the much frequented house; I passed the door, and saw my friends Feasting beneath given orange boughs; From hand to hand they pushed the wine, They saucked the pulp of plum and posch They saug, they jested, and they laughed, For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat;
"Said one: "To morrow we shall be
Plodding along featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide,
We will schleve the oyrie-seat."
Said one: "To morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope, And dwell upon the pleasant way: "To-morrow," cried they, one and all, While no one spoke of yesternlay. Then life stood full at blessed nose; I, only I, had passed sway. "To-morrow and to-day," they cried; I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but east
No chill across the table-cloth;
I, all-forgotten, shivered, and
To stay, and yet to part how loth;
I passed from the familiar room,
I, who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

COMING ECLIPSES.

Only Three Obscurations in the United States Between Now and 1901—Denver's Luck-The Great Relipse of 1878.

Since the magnificent total eclipse of five min-ntes' duration, at Boston and Albany, on June 16, 1806, there have been in New England only two central eclipses, and on the 29th inst. there will be a third, all annular in some parts of Massa-chasetts, viz.: on Feb. 12, 1831, there was an eclipse annular in Nantucket and part of Barn-stable County; on May 26, 1864, another, annu-lar in a large part of this State, and at Barton-lar in a large part of this State, and at Bartonlar in a large part of this State and at Bostou, and the third on the 29th inst. When another central eclipse of the sun will happen in New England is not known; but by the catalogue of eclipses computed 52 years ago, above mentioned, it appears that in the United States, south of lat. 39°, or west of long, 190°, there will be before 1901 three central eclipses; the first of them on July 19, 1878, when the great eclipse of June 16, 1806, will return for the fourth time, and the moon's shadow will pass from the northeast of Asia over British Columbia, Montana, Colorado, Texas, Cuba to Hayti, and there will be a total eclipse, for about three minutes, at the City of Denver—which city seems to be very favorable situated for careful observation on this eclipse and indeed the only city now existing in the United States where the obscuration will be complete. At Havana, where it will also be to-tal, the sun will be low, and the season of the

year unsuitable for a visit to Cuba. The second will take place on March 16, 1885, when the eclipse of February 12, 1831, (central at Nantucket), will return for the third time, and be annular in the northern part of California and Montana. The third, on May 28, 1900, when the moon's shadow, coming from the southwest, will pass over a part of Alabama, &c., to the northpass over a part of Alabama, &c., to the north-east part of North Carolina, and cause a total eclipse, but for about one minute only, a little south of Norfolk, and a very large eclipse of quite eleven digits at all of our cities on the coast, as

eleven digits at all of our cities on the coast, as far north as Maine.

The eclipse of March 25, 1876, will be visible all over the United States except Florida, but with very different degrees of obscuration; in Washington Territory very large or nearly central. It will be nearly central at Nootka Sound, about the middle of Vancouver's Island, and thence along a line toward the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay; it will, where central, on the earth generally be annular; but at Nootka the earth generally be annular; but at Nootka Sound, where it will be central a few minutes after noon, the tabular diameter of the moon, augmented for the moon's altitude, will be so slightly less than the sun, that it cannot be posbe annular or total; whichever it may there prove to be, the interval between the second and third contacts will not exceed ten seconds, and probably will be much less.—Boston Advertiser.

Capt. John Norris-The Sole Survivor of th Participants in Perry's Victory.

Capt. John Nerris—The Sole Survivor of the Participants in Perry's Victory.

I must not forget to mention that I met today, at the Fair, probably the sole survivor of the American participants in Perry's victory, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Lane. This was Capt. John Norris, of Petersburg, Ky., a very fine-looking old gentleman, hale, hearty and clear-sighted at 84 years of age. Capt. Norris was one of the twenty volunteers sent by Gen. Harrison from Camp Seneca, on the Sandusky River, to join the naval force under Commodore Perry, (having originally volunteered in a company raised in Mason County, Ky., commanded by Capt. John Payne,, and was placed on board the Caledonia, a vessel previously captured from the British. The Caledonia carried three guns, one of which—a thirty-two-pounder—Cat. Norris himself served during a part of the action. He remembers quite distinctly ("as if it were but yesterday," he told me), all the circumstances of the naval battle—including the passage of Commodore Perry from his disabled vessel, the Lawreuce, to the Ningara, and gave me some of the dore Perry from his disabled vesset, the Law-reuce, to the Ningara, and gave me some of the minor anecdote-history of the engagement. Af-ter the battle, Commodore Perry wrote to Gen. Harrison that but for the twenty men the latter had sent him—of whom Capt. Norris was one— he would not have gained the victory. The old veteran told me he had from the first understood this was the fact, but was always a little doubt-ful about it, and never liked to mention it, lest it might savor of self-praise or vanity; but at a it might savor of self-praise or vanity; but at a celebration of Perry's victory at Put-in-Bay, in 1809—which he attended in company with the late Dr. Taliferro, of Cincinnati—he happened to mention the report to Col. Chas. S. Todd, since deceased, who was Harrison's chief of staff, and Col. Todd confirmed the report, remembering distinctly Perry's dispatch to Harrison. In 1860 the Kentneky Legislature voted Capt. Norris a gold medal for his services at Perry's victory, it having an inscription to that effect. Capt. Norris' father brought him, when 4 years old, from Maryland to Kentneky, and he spent the earlier part of his life near Washington, in Mason County, but during the last forty years he has been a citizen of Boone County, where he stands very high in the estimation of all that know him. May I not here suggest that, as the sole survivor of the veterans of Perry's victory, it would be proper Capt. Norris should be conducted to Philadelphia to participate in the Centennial celebration next year! He ought therein to represent adelphia to participate in the Centennial celebra-tion next year! He ought therein to represent the Western navy.-Cincinnati Commercial's Au rora (Ind.) Letter.

Interesting Indian Relie.

Interesting Indian Relic.

The Baltimore Gazette says that there is now in the possession of Dr. Martin P. Scott, 265 North Charles Street, an exceedingly interesting Indian relic. It consists of a silver shired or crown, oblong in shape, its larger diameter about six inches and its shortest four, the central piece consisting of a disc slightly convex, and bearing on its outer rim the inscription, "Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, Prance, Ireland and Virginia." On the centre are cut the four quarterings of the royal house at that time; the lion rampant of England, the fleurs de lis of France, the touch-me-not thistle of Scotland, and the harp of Ireland. There is also here in a small corner a figure supposed to be the tobacco plant, representing Virginia. This coat of arms is encircled by the buckled garter, bearing England's royal motto, "Honisoit qui mal y pense." Below the central disc there is an oblong face with the inscription to the recipient of the present, "the Queen of Pamunkey," while above the centre piece is cavved a figure of the royal crown. Attached to the back are five rings, by which as a frontlet it was fastened to the turban of the Indian queen.

GEN. GRANT, please read the following extract GEN. GRANT, piezse read the following extract from John Quincy Adams' diary: "Mr. Raimbert brought presents of porcelain for my wife, for Charles, and another for myself. I refused to receive them, it being a principle which I found to be necessary to adopt from the first day I became a public man, never to accept for myself or my family a gift, while I beld a public office."

THE Sioux Indians have become so elevated that they no longer club their old men and women to death to get rid of them. They now tie

THE CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION. Ber. David Avery: His Patriotism: Become: Captain of a Company: Marches to Boston: Praye During the Battle of Banker Hill: Fights at Trenton: Receives a Vote of Thanks From the State of Vermont.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Author of "Weshington and His Generals," &c., &c. NO. IX.

Perhaps at the outset of the struggle, when everything was in an unformed state, there was no man who did better work or exerted a wider and more bendge juffuence on the troops around Boston, than Mr. Avery. Entering into the cause of the colonies, before hostilities commenced, with an earnestness and zeal that knew no abatement, he so infused his spirit into his geople, that they stood as one man on the questions that divided so many other parishes. It had been arranged that the announcement of open hostilities ranged that the announcement of open hostilities should be made by a courier on horseback, beating a drum hung at the saddle-bow, as he rushed through the street. When the target ing a drum hing at the saddle-bow, as he rushed through the street. When the tap of the drum broke on Mr. Avery's ear, his whole strong nature was intensely aroused. He was settled at Gaysboro at the time, and had preached patriotism to his people till they believed that to fight for freedom was to fight for God; and now came the solemn question—what was his duty in the solemn crisis that had arrived? Men were few, leaders was a ward and arrived? leaders were wanted, and great examples needed. He felt at once that duty called him to the battle field, to act in whatever capacity circumstances or Providence might direct. He laid his case before God, in earnest, solemn prayer, and, after much calm deliberation, resolved to leave his parish at once. The next Sabbath morning, after he had finished his discourse, he told his people it was his farewell sermon; that he had sought the direction of Him whom it was his carrest the the direction of Him whom it was his earnest en deavor to serve faithfully, and whose will alone he sought to obey. God would take care of them, he said; he himself must go into the army. But he had no thought of going alone. After the services were over, he stood on the steps of the church, and called around him his congregation, saying that, having performed the duties of the sanctuary, he now wished to perform those of the patriot. He then made a stirring appeal to them to accompany their pastor to the field of

them to accompany their pastor to the field of battle. He spoke of the greatness and sacred-ness of the cause, of their duty to coming gener-ations, the desperate character of the struggle, and the great need of soldiers. In that little parish, twenty men immadiately rallied around him, and elected him their captain. The news soread into the surreuning region, and the neighhim, and elected him their captain. The news spread into the surrouning region, and the neigh-boring ministers assembled together, and agreed to take turns in supplying his pulpit during his absence. He arrived, with his little band, in Northampton on Saturday night. His coming was soon known by old and young, as was also the fact that he would preach next day. The entire town turned out to hear him. His sermon entire town turned out to hear him. His sermon was a strong appeal to the patriotism of his hearers, and in the morning volunteers came pouring in, swelling his little band greatly. He then kept on his way, arriving at Cambridge ou Saturday, the 29th of April. The news of his coming had preceded him, and the troops were assembled on parade to receive the "reverend captain," as he was called, and his company. The next day, from the top of a rum hogshead turned up in the college area, he preached to the sol-diers, taking his text from Nehemiah 4: 14—"And I looked and rose up, and said unto the people: Be ye not afraid of them. Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethreu, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your homes." The text itself was like a bugle blast summoning to the charge. The whole sermon was in keeping with it, rousing the silent audience to the highest pitch of enthu-

Finding plenty of men to take his place as captain, and feeling he could do more good in talking with the men than in drilling them, he resigned his command, and was appointed chaplain of Col. Sherbourne's regiment, and institutlain of Col. Sherbourne's regiment, and instituted a regular course of daily religious services. His activity and zeal were unbounded, and his influence with the soldiers great. An expedition was fitted out to remove the hay and cattle on Moddle's Island, near Boston, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British. The enemy sent a force to thwart the attempt, but without success, and the little band then retreated to Chelsea Neck, to wait for the approach of the event. A detachment of valunteers, with ed to Chelsea Neck, to wait for the approach of the enemy. A detachment of volunteers, with Putnam at their head, went to their relief, and Avery joined it. Arriving at aims o'clock in the evening, the combined force opened on the ene-my with a brisk fire, which was kept up till eleven o'clock, when the latter withdrew to wait for daylight. Avery took advantage of this ces-sation of the conflict to exhort the soldiers to be

sation of the conflict to exhort the soldiers to be firm and courageous. He then prayed with them. But he believed in example as well as exhortation, and, shouldering iffs musket, stood sentinel till two o'clock in the morning.

In the midst of the conflict on Bunker Hill, while the shores and adjacent heights were shaking to the the thunder of cannon, and the flames and smoke of burning Charlestowu were rolling heavenward, he stood like Moses of old, and prayed that God would give the victory to the Americans. He said: "To us infantile Americans. Americans. He said: "To us infantile Americans nunsed to the thunder and carnage of battle, the flames of Charlestown before our eyes, the inces-sant play of cannon from their shipping and from Boston, and their wings in various directions, together with the fire of maskerry from more than four times onr number, all heightened the majestic terrors of the field, exhibiting a scene most awful and tremendous; but, amid the perils of the dread encounter, the Lord was our rock and

fortress." He stood near Washington, when he drew his sword beneath the great elm tree, and took command of the Continental army. His zeal and patriotism made him a prominent man in the army, and Washington often invited him to dine at headquarters. It was his castom, whenever an expedition peculiarly hazardous or fatiguing was sent out, to ask to be detailed to accompany it—not that he courted either danger or hardship, but he loved to encourage the soldiers by his words and example. As he stood on Dorchester Heights, and saw the British vessels weigh their anchors and drop down the bay, he exclaimed triumphantly: "Give God the praise, for He hath done it." He was with the army at the battle of Long Island and Chatterton's Hill, and accompanied it in its melancholy retreat through New Jersey. In speaking of this retreat, he said: "The Instre of our commander's presence and magnanimity gave a charm to our gloomy misfortunes; it animated our spirits above the power of nadus fear." He crossed with Washington. He stood near Washington, when he drew his fortunes; it animated our spirits above the power of undue fear." He crossed, with Washington, er of undue fear." He crossed, with Washington, the ice-filled Delaware, and accompanied him in his stormy midnight march on Trenton, and early dawn found him in the thickest of the fight. An American soldier falling beside him, he seized his musket, and leaping on top of a rum hogshead, began to fire on the confused, disorderly Hessians. He here received a wound that laid him up for several weeks. On his recovery he rejoined the army, sharing all its perils and misfortunes, and finally butted with it at Valley Porze, enduring the privations with the serenity fortunes, and finally hutted with it at Valley Forge, enduring the privations with the serenity and cheerfulness of Washington. The latter was much attached to him, as was Franklin. He was subsequently sent with the troops to oppose Burgoyne, and was in the thickest of the fight at Bennington. For his services in and after this bloody engagement, he received a vote of thanks from the Governor and Council of State. "He was a strong man in the dark perils of war, and hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others."—N. Y. Observer.

WHICH COMMISSIONER !—"How are you, dad !" WHICH COMMISSIONER?—"How are you, dad?" questioned a hearty looking young half breed one day last week, as he grasped one of the commissioners by the hand. The latter gazed for a moment at the young fellow, and then returned his salutation, as a look of recognition shot athwart the official countenance. The young man is a resident of Spotted Tail agency, where he has a brother and three sisters. He came down on their behalf and his own, for the express purpose of seeing their mutual father, and conveying to him expressions of their filial regard, though they have not seen him for a number of years. It was emphatically a case of "though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear," and the scene was heartily enjoyed by the bystanders.—Eed Cloud Cor. Omaks Hersid.

METHUSELAH CONY, of Dorsetshire, England died at the untimely age of twelve.

WHOLE NUMBER, 953.

MEMORIES Sing me the simple ballad strain
That pleased my heart in days of yore,
When earth seemed void of care and pain,
And all was bright my way before—
Whose music, like the dews of night,
That cheer the heart of Summer flowers,
Checked youthful passion's flery might,
And gave to virtue nobler powers.

Although the devious sea of years
Hath rolled its griefs and toils between;
Although the present scene appears.
And we correlves not what has been;
Although the wrinkled brow betrays
The deeply written trace of care.
And the bright lines of careless days
No longer find a station there;

Sing me the song that once you sung.

While I sit waiting at your knee;
The tones distilling from your tongue,
Shall set my care bound spirit froe;
Twill yander throughs hat distant past
Revel amid those scokes again,
Known ere its sun was overcast
By aught of gloom or aught of pain;

When innocence dwelt in the bowers

when innocence dwelf in the bowers All consecrate to love and truth; When life's new Spring-light cheered the hours That made the calendar of youth. Let others love the mightire strain, The brilliant gems of studied art— Oh! let me hear that song again, Whose melody first won my heart.

WILIAM MORGAN. To the Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette: To the Editor of the Cincinnati Gazette:

Thurlow Weed has furnished a number of very interesting communications relative to the early settlement of Western New York. Of that relative to the Morgan abduction, the undersigned has seen only what has appeared in your paper. In an article on this subject in yours of September 1, injustice is done to the memory of the agents of the Holland Land Company, unintentionally, no doubt, as the author must have had his information second-hand, and very incorrect. The trouble referred to occurred more than twenty years after the Morgan case. Mr. Ellicott, the ty years after the Morgan case. Mr. Ellicott, the chief agent of that company, was generous and liberal. The lands were sold by contract, on time.

If not paid up at the expiration of the time, new contracts were entered into; he nor his agents oppressed no man.

The history of Morgan's abduction is scarcely known to the present generation. The writer can not say "Magni par fui," but he was "there to see." Morgan published a book in Batavia, purporting to contain the ritual and oaths of the three first degrees of Masonry. He was threat-ened withviolence, and retired to Leroy, where his friends protected him. A man desirous to obtain possession of him. A man desirous to obtain possession of him. Went to Canandaigua, about fifty miles east of Batavia, and filed an af-fidavit before a justice, charging Morgan with larceny, on which a warrant was issued, and he was taken and brought before the justice. The criminal charge was abundoned, and he was tak-en on a capius in a civil action, a common mode of sning at that day. On this he was committed to prison. Some time after dark, a close, two-horse carriage was driven to the door of the horse carriage was driven to the door of the prison, two men went in and represented them-selves to the jailor's wife (he being absent) as Morgan's friends, and paid to her the pretended debt, and took him out. At the door they—one at each side—seized him, stuffed a handkerchief in his month, forced him in the carriage, which drove off. Three miles west of Rochester he was transferred to another close carriage, and taken to Lockport, and that night incarcetated in the to Leckport, and that night incarcetated in the County Prison. (The above facts, including the first night's drive, I had from the driver.) Hera he remained two weeks. In the meantime, a large meeting of the most devoted Masons was held in Lewistown, on the Niagara River, at which it was supposed the fate of Morgan was determined. Morgan was removed and imprisoned in the United States fort, Niagara. Here he remained some days. He was taken thence in a boat out in the river, the boat returing without him. Here the testimony closed—witnesses declining to answer.

Some eighteen years after this transaction, the writer became acquainted with a man of good moral standing, who said he was one of the Trustees elected by the meeting at Lewistown, six of whom were designated by lot to dispose of Morgan, in accordance with the imprecation under which he bound himself when he entered the lader. Be the lot we information to the control of the said of of

which he bound himself when he entered the lodge. By the lot my informant escaped, and never again entered a Masonic lodge.

How this transaction became known, I have now forgotten. The three men who took him from Canandaigus jail were indicted for a misdemeanor at common law, (there being then no statute,) and plead guilty. Two of them filed their affidavits that they were incorrant of the fate of affidavits that they were ignorant of the fate of Morgan; the other was silent. They were all fixed to the extent of the law, and the last was imprisoned one year in the County jail. The two first were men of good character and social stand-

first were men of good character and social standing, the other was a stranger.

Judge Marcy, of the Supreme Court, held a special term of Oyer and Terminer at Lockport, to try the Morgan cases, (as they were called.) In addition to his salary, he was allowed his expenses during the term. For these his bill included a tailor's charge for mending his clothes of fifty cents. Afterwards he became a candidate for Governor. His opponents made a point against him on this extravagant charge of fifty cents for mending his breeches, and it was at conts for mending his breeches, and it was ar-gued pro and con by astute New York politicians whether or not the seat of Marcy's breeches during that special session had sustained damage to the full value of fifty cents. V. D.

Edgar A. Poe's Body.

Edgar A. Poc's Bady.

The work of preparing a foundation for the Poe monument has been commenced in the Westminster Church burying ground, Baltimore. In order to build it of sufficient strength to hold the immense marble base, it was found necessary to remove the remains of the poet to the grave of Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law, a few feet south of the old spot. The grave, before the work of removal commenced, presented a most neglected appearance. The sexton of the Westminster grounds has the work of preparing for the monuappearance. The sexton of the Westminster grounds has the work of preparing for the monument in hand, and when it became evident that the position of the coffin would have to be altered, he entrusted the removal to Mr. W. L. Tader, a professional coffin-lifter, who has in his time raised over 2,000 from their original resting places. He set about the task early in the afternoon, and the sun was instanting behind to es. He set about the task early in the afternoon, and the sun was just setting behind the western horrizon when his spade sounded on the coffin lid of the poet. It lay about five feet from the surface, and, at first sight, appeared as sound as when first put into the earth. On carofully raising it to the briak of the grave, Mr. Tuder discovered that it was partially broken in at the sides, and the lid near the head was so much decayed that it fell in pieces on the ground. On looking through the aparture thus created. looking through the aparture thus created, Messrs. Spence, Tuder, and their assistants and the News man beheld the skeleton of Poe. The flesh and funeral robes of course had crumbled into dust, and there was nothing left but the bare bones and a few clumps of hair attached to the skull to tell that a body had once been there. The skeleton was in perfect condition, the arms.

The skeleton was in perfect condition, the arms.

Iying as they were arranged in death, and the back and leg bones in a natural position. The ribs had fallen out, but lay in order on either side of the coffin, and the skull had not moved in side of the coffin, and the skull had not moved in
the least from its proper place. The teeth of the
upper jaw must have been shaken out in the lifting of the coffin, for they lay scattered about the
skull, but those of the lower jaw, which had fallen down from the rest of the "face," were perfect,
not one being missing from either side. The
teeth looked pearly white, and were in excellent
preservation. Without loss of time the undertaker had the coffin placed in a wooden case and
lowered to the grave prepared for it, and before
the darkness set in the clay was dashed for the
second time on the hollow-sounding casket, and
the remains of Poe were covered up, never, it is
to be hoped, to be disturbed again.

A GREAT PORT AT HIS LABOR.—Geo. W. Childs, A GREAT POET AT HIS LABOR.—Geo. W. Childs,
A. M., will remain at his Long Branch cottage
until about the 10th of October. He is reeling
off the balance of some unfished poems which
were begun during the hot mouths. One little
poem, struck out in an interval of more elaborate
efforts, we are permitted to copy:

The colic curled him up at half-past leves,
He's game to gather autum leaves in heaven,
He calls this a specimen of his fall style of

He calls this a specimen of his fall style of

LEX SPOTTED TAILONIS is what the New York World calls the law of the Black Hills.